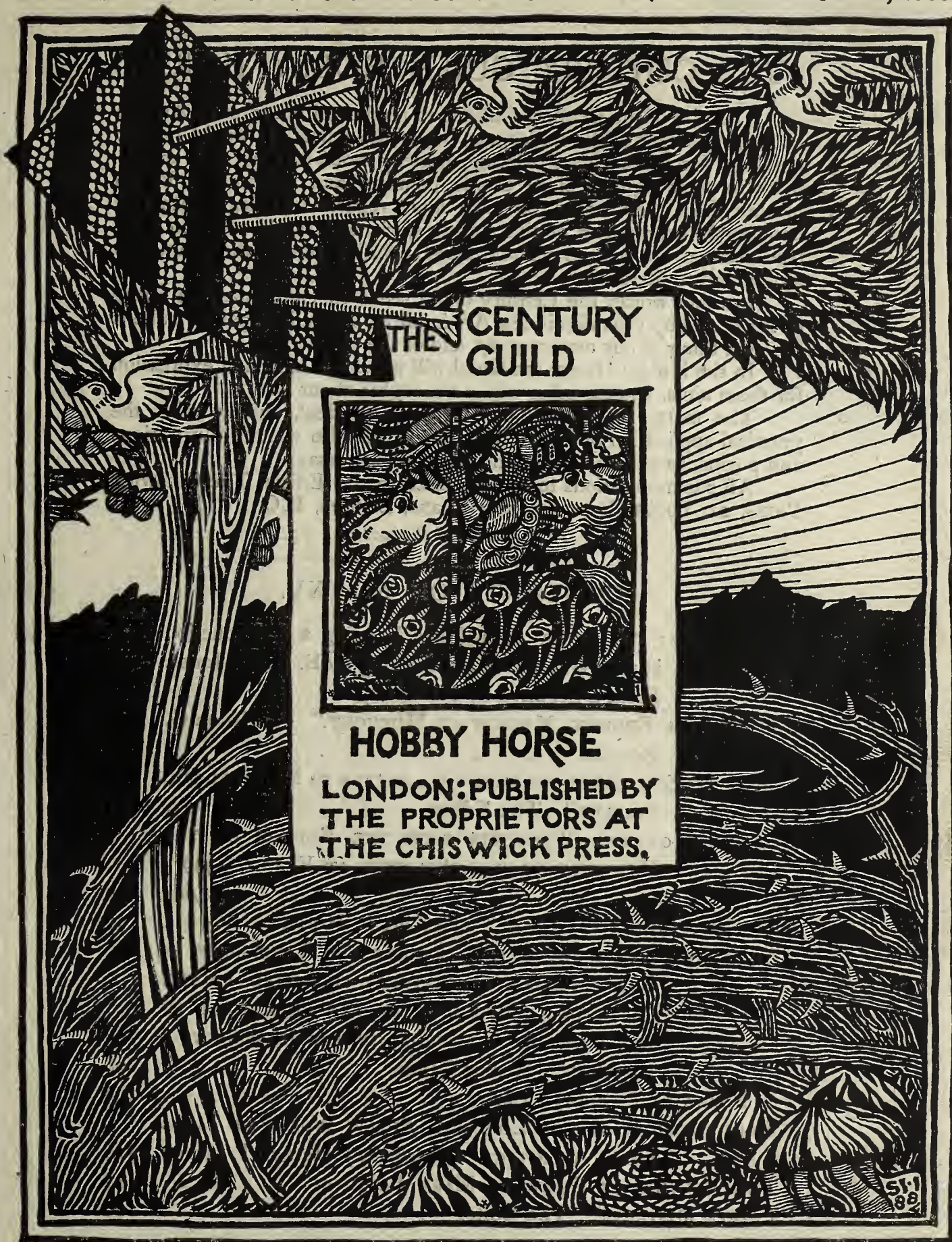




"THE CENTURY GUILD HOBBY HORSE."

The aim of the Century Guild is to render all branches of Art the sphere, no longer of the tradesman, but of the artist. It would restore building, decoration, glass-painting, pottery, wood-carving, and metal-work to their rightful place beside painting and sculpture. By so placing them they would be once more regarded as legitimate and honourable expressions of the artistic spirit, and would stand in their true relation not only to sculpture and painting but to the drama, to music, and to literature.

In other words, the Century Guild seeks to emphasize the *Unity of Art*; and by thus dignifying Art in all its forms, it hopes to make it living, a thing of our own century, and of the people.

In the Hobby Horse, the Guild will provide a means of expression for these aims, and for other serious thoughts about Art.

The matter of the Hobby Horse will deal, chiefly, with the practical application of Art to life: but it will also contain illustrations and poems, as well as literary and biographical essays.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, The CHISWICK PRESS, 21, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

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“THERE IS A BUDDING MORROW IN
MIDNIGHT.”

Wintry boughs against a wintry sky ;
 Yet the sky is partly blue
 And the clouds are partly bright :
Who can tell but sap is mounting high
 Out of sight,
Ready to burst through ?

Winter is the mother-nurse of Spring,
 Lovely for her daughter's sake,
 Not unlovely for her own :
For a future buds in everything ;
 Grown, or blown,
Or about to break.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



ROSSETTI: SOME EXTRACTS
FROM HIS LETTERS TO MR.
FREDERIC SHIELDS.

The Publication in the Hobby Horse of the following Extracts from some Letters of Rossetti's may demand, not indeed Justification, but a few Words of Explanation. Two or three Weeks ago

I was talking with Mr. Shields about Rossetti's Method of Drawing in Chalk ; and, in order to enforce, what he was saying about this Method, he put into my Hands a Letter of Rossetti's, which had specially to do with the Matter. I read the Letter with even greater Interest, than I had expected. It singularly impressed me. It brought Home to me with great Force a Side of Rossetti's Character, of which I must with some Shame confess, that I was ignorant ; or which, at all Events, I had never properly recognized : the immense Kindness of his Disposition ; his Sollicitude for the Welfare of others ; his Desire to be of Help to them, at whatever Cost to himself. I think there can be Nobody alive, who has admired Rossetti more genuinely and thoroughly, than I have : yet here was borne in upon me a fresh Reason for Admiration. I hope it was not merely Conceit, which made me feel, that, if this Letter could be published, it might do for others, what it had done for me. To a large Number of People Rossetti is a great Artist : but they think of him as a Man so absorbed in his own Concerns, that for others he had little Thought, little Tenderness ; that he was characterized by a singular Absence of that Sweetness of Feeling and Behaviour, which does so much for Life ; and the Lack of which, even in the greatest of Men, cannot be forgiven. But to read a Letter like the one before me, was to have this Misapprehension at once, and thoroughly, dispelled : so that, if its Publication were possible, how valuable it would be to publish it !

On my mentioning my feeling to Mr. Shields he at once, with his invariable Kindness, said, that, so far as he was concerned, the Letter should be at my Disposal : and, at my further Request, he put into my Hands a whole Bundle of Rossetti's Letters, extending over a Period from 1868 to Rossetti's Death. From this Mass of Letters the Space, that I can give in this Number of the Hobby Horse, prevents me

selecting but a few. To read them all, many of them being but hurried Notes of Invitation to Dinner, and the like, was to receive an Impression of Rossetti's Thoughtfulness, Tenderness, Geniality, Modesty, Playfulness, that is quite inexpressible. In a Man's casual and unguarded Correspondence there is revealed, almost more than in anything, his radical and permanent Disposition. I can hardly hope, that the following Selection from these Letters will leave upon the Reader the full Impression, which the entire Series of them has left upon me : but something of that Impression I think they must inevitably leave : and, if they do, I am very thankful to have been allowed the Privilege of printing them.

I.

16 Cheyne Walk, 21 Feb : 1868.

My dear Shields,

Your letter calls for my thanks in various ways. First about W., whom I almost guessed to be necessarily more of a regular artist, than had been represented to me. I shall be anxious to have a set of his admirable photographed drawings ; and will write to him with this, enclosing the £4. When here, I have little doubt their being seen must lead to further sales. Howell, to whom I spoke on the subject, and who saw the photographs at my mother's, at once said he would undertake, that Ruskin would wish to have an original drawing. I will speak further to him, when my own photographs arrive. It is melancholy to think that any aid and appreciation, such as the drawings cannot fail to excite, will come only at such a painful time. Is there really no hope of recovery ? I cannot understand, how such an artist can have failed, so long, to obtain employment from the dealers in Manchester. His babies are worthy of William Hunt, and have never been surpassed. Does he work in colour ? In such case, I fancy employment in London, as a copyist to begin with, might easily be obtained. But I suppose the health question now quite negatives this.

Now as to Mr. T. and the cartoons. I still have the Vineyard set ; and though I have lately been asking more for them, shall be happy to sell them at the price named to him. My own impression is, I must have said 100 *guineas*, not *pounds*, (because I always do so). But if he and you are under the other impression, so be it. The frame will require

to be written on ; after which I can send the set. Where should it go to ? I should have to charge carriage and case to Mr. T. What is his address ? One thing more on this point. I have another set of 6 (the Vineyard is 7, including a double sized one) from the Legend of St. George and the Dragon. They are framed to match the Vineyard set ; and as it would be a relief to me to clear my walls and hang other things, I would part with the two sets together for 170 guineas, if Mr. T. liked to have both. As I presume he must propose hanging the one set in some hall, or such like place, the effect would be greatly enhanced by having the two sets ; and one is quite equal to the other. If you can conveniently mention this to him, will you do so ? Otherwise it does not matter ; as also regarding the question between pounds and guineas ; which must not be raised at all, if you would have to write, or be in any way troubled about it.

What you say of the Tristram drawing is very gratifying to me. As regards the application by the Leeds committee for it, this makes me somewhat anxious ; as it is the third application of the kind, which has come to my ears ; and I had some time ago, and have since had renewed, a promise from Mr. Waring, the head commissioner, that no works of mine should be applied for, or even admitted if offered ; but it is quite comprehensible, that in such a multitudinous scheme of operations, a slight matter of this kind might get overlooked. I consider the point all-important for me now ; as to which you will understand my precise views. Only a thoroughly well-considered, and sufficiently important appearance in Public, after all these years of partial reputation on grounds chiefly unknown, could do otherwise than greatly damage me ; and this could only be attained by my having myself full control and selection. In short, at present nothing would be so discouraging to me, as to be forced before the public, in a sudden and incomplete way ; and I am most anxious to do all I can to prevent it. Mr. Craven, and Mr. M'Connel (thanks to you), have now been secured on my side. You know Mr. Tong. Shall you be seeing him ? and if so, could you see, whether he has been applied to, and with what result ? I would write to him, if necessary. Do you know Mr. Mendel, who has a picture of mine ? I do not. Don't suppose, that I mean to worry you about my trumpery,

thin-skinned interests ; but a hint from you, if you possess the means, might enable me to act for myself. Do you know when the Leeds Gallery opens ?

Daylight, at this distance from town, being only available for painting, I have actually as yet never seen the old Water colour sketches ; though I have meant to do so, and may yet. I am glad you will appear in the main exhibition ; but you do not tell me much of your doings. I heard from Chapman, that the Drummer-boy drawing was exhibited at Manchester ; I hope with good result, as it certainly ought to have served you well. Chapman is now in town again, but I have not yet seen him this time. I hope he may have had some luck in your neighbourhood. Have you continued on the tack of the *Rahab* in subject and treatment ; or have you done subjects of the present day ? I hope to have a full and satisfactory talk with you on all points of interest to both of us (and we have many in common), when you come again to London ; and hope further, that may be soon. Old Brown is as choice an old master as ever ; and all friends, I think, well on the whole.

Your affec: D. G. ROSSETTI.

P.S.—You know I could always lodge you on a run to London.

II.

In Connection with the second Letter here given it will be interesting, I think, to preface it with the following Extracts from Mr. William Bell Scott's introduction to his privately published "Illustrations to the King's Quair." Mr. Scott writes, "Rossetti spent with us at Penkill the Autumn Months of 1868. These Visits were most important Periods of Rossetti's poetical Life, . . . because he was then suffering under the most alarming Conviction, that he was going blind ; which enabled us to work upon his Mind, so that he again turned to Poetry with all his Powers, which for a Number of Years he had forsaken. We recalled him so strenuously to his early Love, making him repeat the Poems he remembered, till at last suddenly, like a dying Man with a new Life transfused into his Veins, he became absorbed in the Desire to have them all written out and printed." However, Rossetti dreaded Publication. "Naturally timorous, the Fear of Criticism now came into Play. All he would consent to was to print for his Friends : so

“ the little Volume was prefaced, not by a Title-Page, but
“ by a half Title, as ‘ Privately Printed.’ In the following
“ Autumn he returned to us with all he had preserved, or
“ remembered, printed under this Heading.” “ This
“ ‘ Privately Printed ’ Volume he completed by adding at the
“ End the Prose Story ‘ Hand and Soul,’ which suddenly
“ made him see, that the Book was an insufficient Represen-
“ tation of his poetical Work. In this I agreed ; and he left
“ us with the immediate Intention of reclaiming his lost
“ MS. Volume. This he accomplished : and forthwith, in
“ 1870, published with much Preparation and Trepidation
“ his first Volume.”

Penkill Castle, Girvan, Ayrshire,

My dear Shields,

27 August, 1869.

I was going to write you myself on the two subjects of your letter. Not that I have really any word to say to such fateful horrors, as the one which is now crushing poor C——’s soul. They leave me dumb with their anomalous enormity. But I wished to know exactly how he was ; and may probably make up my mind to write him a word ; though a stranger, like myself, naturally doubts his claim to speak at all at such a time. I had already heard something of this terrible circumstance from Brown, since coming here ; where I have now been over a week, and am, I hope, benefiting by the change. I may probably stay two or three weeks longer. The surroundings of this house are most lovely and soothing : a glen, which is quite private, and gives pictures at every turn. The inmates are the lady of the house, Miss Boyd, a rarely precious woman ; and our friend W. B. Scott, the best of philosophic and poetic natures, a man of the truest genius, and one of my oldest companions. So you see I have peace, friendship, and art, all to help me. I wish you were here to share the pleasure and advantage of such sympathetic surroundings. Scott, who read your letter, sends you his love, which you seem to have secured, though I do not know how often you have met him. You may be sure the dreadful tidings you give have furnished us with some sad thoughts and talk.

I have brought no work here with me, but am occupied lazily with the proofs of the poetry I am printing : mostly old things, which I find sometimes going about in blundered transcriptions ; which might sometime get into print, to the

affliction of one's still thin-skinned ghost. So I am putting them in a permanent shape; though I shall not publish yet, not having complete copies of a sufficient quantity of verse. However I go on writing at times, and may soon break out into publicity. Incentives occur now and then. There is an article on me in "Tinsley's Magazine" for September, following one on my sister last month; and to be followed, as I judge, by one on my brother next month! I do not know who is the writer. So after 20 years, one stranger does seem to have discovered one's existence. However I have no cause to complain; since I have all I need of an essential kind, and have taken little trouble about it: except always in the nature of my work, the poetry especially, in which I have done no pot-boiling at any rate. So I am grateful to that art; and nourish against the other that base grudge, which we bear those whom we have treated shabbily.

However I am adding you to that class, by all this tirade about myself; and though I do not think the grudge will result on my side, I must beware lest it should on yours.

I hope, if you have time to write me again, it will be with good news after all the bad. Your health is a most anxious subject; and I cannot but think that the extreme excitement and exertion, to which I know you subject yourself in other kinds of work than Art, should be remitted for a time as an experiment. Also, and above all, I am sure, that the matrimonial question should be kept in view; though here, I know, one is far from being master of the situation, according to one's pleasure. . . .

I will send you my privately printed poems, when they are revised, and finally struck off.

There is some chance, I hope, of Brown soon joining us here. I know he would enjoy it enormously.

Ever affectionately yours D. GABRIEL R.

III.

My dear Shields,

24 Dec: 69.

. . . I have been in various queer states of health for some time past. My visit to Scotland seemed to do me no good this time. I have just lately been calling on doctors and oculists again, and the latter still say my sight is not really affected; while the former say much the same as to my health; but speak most warningly as to hours, exercise, and abstin-

ence from spirits ; for which, Heaven knows, I have no taste ; but had for a year and a half past fallen into the constant habit of resorting to them at night, to secure sleep. I have now relinquished them entirely, and take only at night a medicine prescribed by my last doctor (Sir W. Jenner) : not an opiate, against which he warned me in all forms : and have certainly not slept worse, but rather better, since doing so. I also, when weather is fine, take day walks in Battersea Park ; whereas my habit had long been to walk only at nights, except when in the country.

For many months I had done no painting or drawing, but have just lately resumed work of this kind ; and am proceeding, as best I may, against the stream of models, who cannot be got, or do not come, pitch-black days, &c. with such things as I want to be doing. These are chiefly the large picture of Dante's Dream, which I had not yet taken in hand since getting the commission from Graham ; and (!!!) the old picture of " Found " (the calf and bridge subject,) which I am actually taking up at last. I have lost lots of time, as yet, in preliminary studies for both works ; but hope to get the man's head done in the " Found " next week, having found a splendid model ; and have also made considerable way towards the bridge background. I am also beginning to make studies again for the picture of " Medusa," and hope to get that in hand as soon as the others are fairly under way. Had I a large, fine studio, I should now get all my finest subjects squared out from the designs, on canvases of the size needed ; and take them all up one after the other, whenever possible. This plan I shall pursue rigorously more or less now, as life wears short ; and do, I trust, few single figure pictures, except when shut out from other work by chances of the hour. Studio-building I have rather funk'd hitherto ; as the state of my health has induced me to think I might be leaving Chelsea, just after I had got the stables into my own possession. I think it most likely, however, that I shall begin building shortly after Xmas ; as the landlord has demanded that, failing that, I should put the stables in repair as stables ; which would be simply throwing money in the dirt.

I have been doing a good deal of work in poetry, and shall publish a volume in the spring. I have got 230 pages in print, and want perhaps to add about a 100 more. This is

hardly necessary, as it is all very close and careful work; but as I dare say it may be some time before I print again, if ever, I should wish to do so. At any rate so much will be off my mind, when the thing comes out; and it is certainly the best work of my life, such as that has been.

Have you seen Morris's new volume of the "Paradise?" It contains glorious things, especially the "Lovers of Gudrun." Tennyson's new volume does not enlist my sympathies, except a second *Northern Farmer*, which is wonderful; and of course there is much high-class work throughout. . . .

Old Brown is doing a water-colour for Mr. C—— (Don Juan found on the beach by Haydee) which will I think be almost the finest of his works, and certainly by far the most full of beauty. Indeed to my mind all three figures are eminently beautiful in face and figure; and the background of rocks and sea is most fascinating. . . . Affectionately yours D. G. ROSSETTI.

IV.

Scalands, Robertsbridge,
Sussex. April, 1870.

My dear Shields,

Some time back I wrote to a Mr. X—— of Manchester, who possesses that Venus of mine with the roses and honeysuckles, to ask if he would object to its being photographed; and I ventured to name you as a friend, who I thought would be willing, out of consideration for me, to superintend its removal, photographing, and return to its owner. I proposed to save you such trouble, by having the loan of it in London; but to this, you will see by the letter I enclose, he objects. So if you will kindly undertake this for me, I will be much obliged. Any convenient moment to yourself would of course do. You will see I am writing from the country; and having none of my photographs by me, cannot give you a precise idea of the size I want it to be done. But you have seen some of them, and know the sort of size; fairly large, and of course deep tone. Your friend of the Lancashire Committee photographs would, I should think, be the very man to make a fine thing of it, if worth his while to take the trouble. Of course it is at my expense, not Mr. X——'s. One difficulty occurs to me; and that is, that there is a gold nimbus round the head. I wonder, if some white powder of some sort could be rubbed over this, or whether there is nothing for it, but to let it come black.

I hope you will get my volume of Poems towards the end of this month, as I have given your name to the publisher. I shall like to know how it pleases you. There is one piece called "Jenny," which gave Smetham a shock, when I read it him; but I was sincerely surprised on the whole at its doing so in his case; though I know many people will think it unbearable. I myself have included it (as I wrote it) after mature consideration, and could not alter my own impression of the justness of my doing so; knowing as I do, how far from aggressive was the spirit, in which I produced it; as I should think the poem itself ought to show.

I saw your newspaper controversy about Brown, some time ago, and thought your part in it excellent. You seem to have a large share of this sort of power, which has grown to be almost a national instinct.

I will not write more, as I am not given much to letter writing at present. I need hardly say that my health brought me here, and that means, that there is not much to boast of. I hope you can give a better account of yourself.

Your affec : D. G. ROSSETTI.

V.

28 Aug : 1870, 16 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

Dear Shields,

I cannot easily thank you enough for so much friendliness, under such very troublesome circumstances. I now regret extremely, that I did not write on receipt of your former letter, as I meant to do, to beg you to take no further trouble in a matter, which presented such unexpected obstacles. But I delayed doing so through excessive preoccupation at the moment; and then thought that it was no use writing, as further steps were probably already being taken. I can now only say, that I could never have conceived from Mr. X——'s very straightforward conduct on former occasions, that he was capable of so much changeableness and disregard of his word. I do not like to make a cause of quarrel with him (after very agreeable relations hitherto) out of a matter, which, in itself, is of no importance to me; but am excessively irritated at having been led on by him into causing you so much disturbance; and on that account write him with this to express my surprise at his conduct. As far as I myself am concerned, it is well the matter is no more

important than it is; but I feel how much apology I owe you for this unpleasantness, which I could not have foreseen.

I wish I could say something, to any good purpose, on what gives me great anxiety—the infinitely more important matter of your own affairs, to which you make some allusion; and which, I assure you, already often occurred to my mind. It is most disappointing to me that the various conversations I have had with Mr. W., at intervals, about his negotiations with you, should have had no better result. Here again is a man, usually most honorable in my experience of him, behaving with unaccountable disregard of obligations really incurred by himself. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than being able, should such opportunity occur, to be of any service to yourself; who have so often served me so warmly, and at the cost of so much personal exertion. Is there any way suggesting itself to your own mind, by which I could be of the least use in forwarding any object you have in view? If there were, the very friendliest thing you could do, would be to let me know. Of your health you do not specially speak; nor do I gather clearly, whether what you say of your “suffering” from this truly atrocious and insufferable war, relates simply to what all must feel, or to more direct influences, of a baneful kind, on your own immediate prospects. Such would doubtless be a possible result for any of us; as there is no knowing the moment, at which retrenchment may be forced upon the wealthy classes of this country by the state of affairs abroad, or even at home; and, naturally, art goes first to the wall.

You allude in the kindest way to my poetry, and say also that you would like to write me something about “Jenny.” Pray believe, that anything coming from you could only be what I should sincerely desire to hear, whatever its point of view; only I really think there must be too many affairs of your own to attend to, for it to be worth your while to dwell on my verses, except by word of mouth, when we meet again; which it would please me much to hope might be soon. The book has prospered quite beyond any expectations of mine; though, just lately, signs of depreciation have been apparent in the press (“Blackwood” to wit). I am only surprised, that nothing of a decided kind in the way of opposition should have appeared before. However, I have also

been surprised, and pleasantly, to find such things producing a much more transient and momentary impression of unpleasantness, than I should have expected ; indeed I might almost say none at all ; particularly as I cannot help in this instance putting against the " Blackwood " article the fact that B. and Co. wished to publish the book, and I went elsewhere. But above all, these things probably do not touch me much for the reason, that my mind is now quite occupied with my painting, and has been for some time past. I am making very rapid progress with my large picture of " Dante's Dream," about 10 or 11 feet by 7. A big picture is glorious work, really rousing to every faculty one has, or ever thought one might have ; and I hope I am doing better in this, than hitherto. In another fortnight or so I shall have all the figures painted on the canvas, and only the glazing of the draperies left to do. The background is as yet untouched ; and before I resume the picture, after bringing it to the completion of the figures as above, I intend to go for a month or so into the country to recruit. However, though I have been working decidedly hard, I find that it chiefly seems to have the effect of consolidating and steadying the beneficial results, which my spring trip to the country had already had on my health. I am not at present sensible of any inconvenience with my eyes, though working good hours daily ; and have not been for months past.

Let me again beg of you, before I conclude, that you will tell me, without the slightest reserve, of any way that may occur to you, in which I could serve you at all. To know that you were happier would be a real encouragement to me.

Believe me as ever, my dear Shields,

Affectionately yours, D. G. ROSSETTI.

VI.

My dear Shields, 16 Cheyne Walk, 12 Jan : 1871.

Your letter was, as you knew beforehand, a real relief to me. It drives away the uneasy feeling, inevitable lately, whenever your friendly image recurred to my mind ; and substitutes a satisfactory one. I can readily imagine with what joy you will attack your favorite subject, after so long being kept at bay by it ; and have no doubt of good results. As to the W. C. Gallery, your work would draw me there, if anything would ; but I must say frankly, that I do not expect

to get there. I have got into such an absolute and un-deviating habit of working all daylight somehow—whether on just the work I want to do or not—that I literally never go anywhere; except once in the year to the R.A. modern Exⁿ. and once, nowadays, to the Old, which I have not yet accomplished this year. I lately saw at Graham's your two chalk drawings of Night and Morning, and thought them full of fine quality, and more decided in sense of facial beauty, than any previous work I had seen of yours. I find now, that it was quite a mistake to draw on that dark blue-grey paper. It necessitated endless work to keep the ground down; and even to the last it always came through. The greenish paper (from Winsor and Newton—specimen enclosed) is much the best tint for the purpose, which the English makers afford; I have tried several. Unfortunately the rule is, that as in France they never make a bad tint almost, whether cheap or dear, in England they never make a good one. This however has no decided objection, when covered; except that, I very much regret to say, it has a tendency to fade, and turn yellowish in parts. I don't know whether this is likely to cause any decided injury to the drawing, or whether it would go further underneath the chalk. Sometimes the paper seems to hold out for good, and sometimes to go in this way in spots almost at once. I have complained to W. and N., and they said they had heard of it before, and referred to the makers; who say it cannot be guarded against with this tint. However, there is really no other tint fit to use, so I go on with it.

I'm glad X has expressed to you some sense of his being in the wrong. I expressed to him very decidedly by letter the awkward position, in which he had placed me towards you, after all the trouble you so kindly took. I should really hesitate to mix you up with the matter again, even if you were kindly willing. Perhaps the best thing would be to see, if he will lend the picture to show with the large one, when finished; and a few others recently completed; when I shall be asking friends to come and see. It could then be photographed at the same time. I don't suppose I shall get up any kind of public show this year, but most likely next—only of a few works: and shall then have one other large one at least ready—I hope the Magdalene.

The big Dante is approaching completion, but won't I suppose be done quite so soon as I thought; as I knocked off lately to finish several other things long on hand, viz., Beatrice, Sibylla Palmifera, and Mariana with boy singing (Measure for Measure); all of which you may remember begun as life-sized things. These three are finished, and I am now finishing Pandora. I think all show great advance in colour and execution; and that the big picture will be much the best thing I have done; in spite of the discouragement and dissatisfaction accompanying, without fail, the close of a work, and now beginning to set in with me. Perfect it won't be, but better it will be.

I heard from Mr. McConnel about his water-colour, asking if it was sold again. I mislaid his letter with address, and have not answered; but it is no use my writing letters about it till sold, which it is not as yet. Hardly anyone comes to my place now, as I have been so long engaged on work, which I decline to show; and people have got sick of my sulks.

I've not seen dear old Smetham for centuries; but must try and do so. I'm glad he's stood by you, as I knew he would not fail to do, if possible. I feel as if I chiefly, among your friends, had not succeeded in being of any service at all to you in your time of trial, after all the good turns you have done me. But, unpleasant as it is to say, I must say to you, that I have not failed to try with every one, I think, of the few buyers I have; but they are special men, who buy special things, and almost never effect a divergence from their limited loves. Moreover, several begin to shew symptoms of stopping altogether in these troublous times. . . .

With all best wishes for the New Year believe me, dear Shields,

Ever yours affectionately, D. G. ROSSETTI.

VII.

The following three Letters I have grouped together, as they all evidently refer to the same Thing. They are undated; but were written at the Time, that Rossetti was painting "The Vision of Fiammetta," a large Picture in Oils, finished in the Year 1878. The Interest of these three, short Letters is great, as showing us the immense Pains Rossetti took to found his Work upon the immediate Study of Nature.

My dear Shields,

Monday.

What you say of apple blossom gives me anxiety. This very day, for the first time, I got a sprig or two sent me; but anything but full blown. Also some in my garden, a poorish tree enough, is not fully out. Nevertheless, I suppose I had better begin to-morrow trying what I can do with it. If you know any means of sending me good blossom, I would pay anyone well to bring me as much as possible daily, for some days to come. Dunn searched about Fulham, but says there are no apple orchards there, all pear and plum. It would be a service, if you could get me some *good*.

Yours affec. D. G. R.

My dear Shields,

Tuesday.

I am very anxious about the blossom. I do not think I lost any time, but its appearance has been most sudden. On Saturday last, there was not a symptom beyond the merest budding in my garden: and yesterday it was in full bloom. But mine is not good enough to paint, and Dunn has got some of a better kind; but it seems all uncertain as to getting more; and to-day I painted as much as was paintable of the branch he got. It is very ticklish work now. If you could get the nurseryman you spoke of to bring a good branch daily, I would be only too glad to pay him. The Chelsea people don't seem to grow apple trees. You would *really befriend* me, if you could get a good branch sent me to-morrow, and each following day; or I may fail in getting the thing done. What I want is a full-coloured red and white blossom, of the tufted, rich kind; and from such I began painting to-day, only it was not in a good state. I would of course be glad to pay *anything* for good blossom. Shall be very glad to see you on Thursday. Your affec: R.

My dear Shields,

Wednesday.

Thanks about the apple stem study. I have been much bothered with the blossom; some of which I have repainted since you saw it, and filled in the rest. I hope it is all done now. As to the stem, I have a bad one in my garden; and with the help of your study might manage: indeed shall probably have to do this: but have a yearning for work straight from good nature, always. The bark of the bough brought by your nurseryman is as black as London bark, though I

believe he brought it from Edgware ; so have far to seek for grey and green bark, Heaven knows !

Thanks for offer to bring the study round. I hope soon to make an appointment. Your affec : D. G. R.

VIII.

My dear Shields,

Friday night. (undated).

It really and truly seems too bad, that a living, and breathing, and expectant woman should suffer for the sake of the mere picture of one ! Do you not perceive that an Indignation Meeting of Mrs. Shields with herself is about to pass one awful female vote against me, the English Autotype Company, and your cherished self, so far, and so unregarding ?

To Brighton, my boy, is *my* advice ! Let the Company take care of itself, till you come back ; and then they can get the drawing, and set about it. I find it is not likely to be quite ready before Monday. Let this determine you to go, where you are most wanted. Don't suppose for a moment, that I am ungrateful for such kind and truly brotherly care for my interests in this matter ; but the very drawing itself seems to look from its window, and reproach delay. With love to Brown. Your affec^{te}.

D. GABRIEL R.

Here I close the Selection from this interesting Correspondence. There is but one more Word for me to add. When the Idea first occurred of publishing these Letters, I was quite unaware of the Fact, that Mr. W. M. Rossetti had already a Book in the Press containing many Letters of his Brother's, to be published during the present year. Mr. Rossetti, however, generously consented to the Appearance of the above Correspondence, which will not occur in his book, in the pages of this Number of the Hobby Horse. I hope he will let me, therefore, take this Opportunity of offering him my sincere Thanks for his Courtesy. I cannot but believe, that the Readers of the Hobby Horse will only look forward to his book with the more interest, for this specimen, which he has so kindly allowed me to give them, of his brother's Correspondence.

THE EDITOR.





FROM THE EDITION
OF THE HYPNEROTO-
MACHIA PUBLISHED
AT VENICE, 1499.

"ET SUNT COMMERCIA COELI."

I did not raise mine eyes to hers,
Although I knew she passed me near :
I said, ' Her shadow round me stirs ;
It is enough that she is here,
And that, for once, my way is hers.'

I did not look upon her face,
I knew with whom her heart confers ;
For more, that moment had no place :
I did not raise mine eyes to hers,
I did not look upon her face.

HERBERT. P. HORNE.



N EXAMINATION; OF CERTAIN
SCHOOLS AND TENDENCIES, IN
CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE:
SUGGESTED, BY THE TITLE
TO A VOLUME OF MODERN
POEMS; AND BY THE THEO-
RIES PROPOUNDED IN THE
INTRODUCTION TO THEM.

*"Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
"Compositum illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper;
"Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et praemia posci."*

Horace tells us, that the Roman world, of the Augustan Age, was occupied with poetry; the whole of society discussed it, or read it, or composed it: but, with the exception of certain rich and fashionable amateurs, the unfortunate poets did not find an appreciative audience, among the Public; for the arbiters of taste would commend none, but the writers of a by-gone time. To have been dead; if possible, for a century; but, by all means, to be dead; was the only way to be esteemed: and so, the neglected poets were reduced, to seeking an indifferent consolation; sometimes, from one another's applause; and sometimes, from their own. In this Age of ours, the opposite error seems to be more conspicuous: those, who can enjoy little poetry, and who can understand less, are in the habit of praising old authorities; but the critics, who chatter about verses, in Literary Clubs and in Reviews, apparently confine their study, to the compositions of modern writers: Our living authors are read with so much enthusiasm, that poetry itself is measured by the standard of contemporary verse.

How natural is this power of "Modernity," as Mr. Pater calls it; "as renewed in every successive age for genial youth, "protesting, defiant of all sanction in these matters, that the "true 'classic' must be of the present:" and M. Renan adds; "le xix^e. siècle, ce cher xix^e. siècle, a sur tous les autres un "immense avantage, c'est d'être le nôtre. Même quand, par "profession, on a choisi la compagnie des morts, la lumière du "soleil est douce." Yes! this love, of the "dear nineteenth century," and of its works, is pardonable in us, who are its children; though, to employ its work, as the standard of one's literary judgment, is not advisable: for, as Joubert, finely and

truly, says ; " En littérature, rien ne rend les esprits si imprudents et si hardis que l'ignorance des temps passés et le mépris des anciens livres." And, therefore, a prudent scholar, though he can emulate Horace in nothing else, will, at least, emulate him, in his desire to regard the world of letters, with an impartial mind : he will not be carried away, by popular names ; " nullius addictus iurare in verba magistri : " he will not refuse to acknowledge, that there may, sometimes, be merit in writers generally neglected ; or in work, which may not appeal to his individual taste : he will, neither, condemn the fashionable productions, of his own transitory day ; nor, will he estimate them, with a judgment too credulous and facile : his unchangeable determination is, to search, for what is excellent, to be satisfied with nothing, that is inferior ; and, when he has found an excellent book, he will dwell upon it, and treasure it. With the example of Horace before me, I wish to enter upon the delicate employment, of examining certain schools and tendencies, in our contemporary literature.

The volume, which has provoked my enquiry, is entitled " Romantic Ballads And Poems of Phantasy ; " the Author, is Mr. William Sharp : he has composed, four " Romantic Ballads," six " Poems of Phantasy," and five pages of " Dedicatory Introduction ; " it is with his Preface, and with his longest " Ballad," that my examination is concerned. A book should, always, be first regarded, though it should not, perhaps, be finally judged, from its own perspective ; reviewers have no license, to violate their authors' terms ; and so, I begin with " The Dedicatory Introduction." Mr. Sharp has an ardent belief, in that spirit of poetry, which he describes as " Romantic ; " and in that form of poetry, which he defines as " The Ballad : " " Romance is in the air," he says, " I anticipate that many of our poets, especially those of the youngest generation, will shortly turn towards the ' ballad ' as a poetic vehicle ; and that the next year or two will see much romantic poetry. In pure fiction the era of romance as opposed to pseudo-realism is about to begin. The heyday of the purely literary poet is on the wane." Indeed I hope, that the astonishing popularity, of ballades and rondeaux, of modern sonnets, " Sonnets of This Century," is on the wane ; here, I can agree, most cordially, with Mr. Sharp. But, when he goes on to say, that " the supreme merit of a poem is not

"perfection of art;" when he distinguishes, between "essential poetry," and "merely literary poetry;" when he declares, that Rossetti fails, because he has been "too literary, inherently, "but more particularly in expression;" here, I must be allowed to challenge Mr. Sharp's propriety: because, though I could imagine his meaning to be sound; yet, his loose, unqualified statement of it, appears to be misleading and unfortunate. Except in the realm of pure phantasy; a romantic region, of mere embryo imaginations and vague sentiment, in which, criticism and the definite art of literature have no real nor possible existence; I cannot distinguish, between "essential poetry" and "merely literary poetry." In the sphere of practical art and criticism, with which alone we are now concerned, I do not understand, how "essential poetry" can be made into poems, unless it is expressed as literature; and then, the value of the poems can only be measured, by the excellence of their style: by their value, and by their worth, as literature; of which, style, workmanship, the perfection of artistic form, are the sole, the ultimate, and the abiding tests. Rossetti never fails, I would prefer to think, when his style is good; that is, when he has anything definite, and really poetical, to say: he only fails, when his unclear thought renders his utterance obscure; that is, when he falls into the modern vice, thus prettily described by Joubert; "Nous n'écrivons pas nos livres quand ils sont faits; mais nous les faisons en les écrivant;" a vice, it may be observed, towards which, some of the disciples, biographers, and friends, of Rossetti have been too easily inclined.

But Mr. Sharp's practice, at any rate in the "Ballad" I mean to review, differs from his preaching; so that, I feel sure, when he used the words "art," and "literary," he must have really intended to use the term "artificial." He would not apply his criticism, to poetry in its highest sense, to the acknowledged master-pieces of literature; for then, the consent of the whole world of scholars would be against him; but only to the sorry verse of those uneducated writers, who imagine, that, what they consider to be, "style" can atone for barren thought, as well as for the absence of sound learning, and of poetical inspiration: of whom Ascham observes: "Now, the ripest of tongue be readiest to write: "And many dayly setting out bookes and balettes make great "show of blossomes and buddes, in whom is neither root of

"learning, nor frute of wisdom at all." A reviewer might also suggest, that Mr. Sharp uses the words "romance," "romantic," with several differences of meaning; although he is quite clear, and even authoritative, with regard to his definitions of the word "ballad": "It may be as well to "add," he continues, "that 'ballad' no longer necessarily "denotes a poem in quatrains and in antique language. It "may either be, the 'simple narrative without any symbolical " 'or interior meaning' or may so belong to 'the design and " 'the ethics of Tragedy' as to be worthy the name of Lyrical "Tragedy." According to these inconsiderate and most questionable alterations, in the use and in the meaning, of the sound and recognized forms and terms in poetry, Mr. Sharp has narrated "The Weird of Michael Scott;" the longest "Ballad" in his volume, and that, which I shall briefly review.

Michael Scott was a Wizard, of the thirteenth century; he was of sufficient renown, to gain an European reputation and a place in Hell: Dante's lines testify, at once, to the fame of the Magician; and to the Poet's amazement, at the national dress of Scotland:

*"Quell' altro che ne' fianchi è così poco,
"Michele Scotto fu, che veramente
"Delle magiche frode seppe il gioco."*

Michael Scott had power to change his enemies, into beasts; and to charm the soul, out of the unwilling maiden, whom he desired to win. Mr. Sharp's language is not antique, it is provincial; it is mixed with a large quantity of Lowland Scotch. His "Ballad" is not in quatrains; it is composed of eighty-four stanzas, and each of them contains five lines. His narrative is divided into three portions: in the first, and in the second, he describes this transformation of an enemy, and this wooing of a maiden: in the third, the death of the Magician; who had cursed a pursuing ghost, which, he supposed, was an adversary, but which proved to be his double, or the apparition of his own soul. The narrative is entirely magical; the interest is confined to a single personage; the events, and their consequences, are tremendous; and, therefore, the subject was difficult to handle: it is not equivocal praise, to say, that Mr. Sharp has met his difficulties; that he has produced a specimen of

the kind of writing, which is covered by his first definition of a "ballad." The scene is laid among the moorlands of the eastern Scottish coast; and the poem is filled with descriptions, those pit-falls for the modern bard; Mr. Sharp's descriptions, however, wait upon his narrative; they harmonize, in a pleasing and in a constructive manner, with the movement and with the progress of the story: the attention of the reader is not drawn away from the principal subject, "to groves and sylvan shrines, to rain-bows and meandering streams;" although the poem is highly descriptive, it cannot be accused of unnecessary, or of deliberate, "word-painting," in the modern manner; that is, of Horace's just aversion, but Lord Macaulay's delight and boast, "the purple patch," "the beautiful cameo of description:"

*"Inceptis gravibus, plerumque, et magna professis,
 "Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
 "Adsuitur pannus; quum lucus et ara Dianae,
 "Et properantis aquae per amoenos ambitus agros,
 "Aut Flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus;
 "Sed nunc, non erat his locus."*

The poem illustrates more than one, "of Horace his convenient preceptes:" it is of the same quality throughout, in composition and in treatment;

*"Servetur ad inum,
 "Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet:"*

Mr. Sharp is always true, to himself; the magical events are related, in a natural and in an ordinary manner; the metre and the style are adapted, to the treatment of the subject; the careful workmanship is evident: and, although a sensitive critic would be obliged to confess, that the touch does not reveal the subtle hand of a master of style, of a born ruler of words; yet, the style never becomes a mere copy, an echo, of the masters of contemporary verse. In the four-hundred-and-twenty lines of the poem, there is only one line, the last in the stanza I quote, which gives back a distinct echo, of Lord Tennyson:

*"The sound and fury of the waves,
 "Upon the rocks, among the caves,
 "Boomed inland from the thunderous strand:
 "Mayhap the dead heard in their graves,
 "The tumult fill the hollow land."*

In his own hands, the style of Lord Tennyson can, some-

times, almost suggest the possibility of a latent thought; but, a Tennysonian echo, I have noticed, invariably weakens all the verse in which it is heard, except the verse of Mr. Lewis Morris.

When authors maintain a consistent level, in their poems, Horace advises generous and reasonable critics, to pass lightly over the blemishes, which must appear in every human composition; and so, I will only observe, that in the fourth line, of the tenth stanza, of the third part, of "The Weir of Michael Scott," the verb "gurg-gurgled" is, perhaps, an illegitimate attempt at "pseudo-realism;" is not quite a fair way of making the line scan:

"The burns gurg-gurgled through the yird."

A correct author might object, for a similar reason, to the line:

"Flick-flickering from the cloud-girt moon"

which occurs in the twelfth stanza, of the second portion, of Mr. Sharp's "Ballad." In the seventeenth stanza, of the third portion of the "Ballad," I should prefer the good, ordinary word "vocal," to the clumsy and eccentric word "voiceful;" and, in the Note, which precedes the "Ballad," I think it is a pity to encourage a vicious, or scientific, term, like "variants," when so sound a literary word as "variations," would be more naturally and correctly employed. There is a pleasing anecdote, it occurs in the Life of Boileau, which illustrates the difference between the expression, that is correct, the phrase of gentle breeding and of scholarship; and the expression, that is low, that is unauthorized: The French Courtiers, in the reign of Louis XIV., were ever trifling, with the niceties of style. One of their passing affectations was to use the epithet "gros," when they should have employed "grand;" even Louis XIV. patronized the fashionable error; and, on a day, when Boileau was at Versailles, the King appealed to him. His answer was worthy, of a Man of Letters, and of a French Courtier: "Sire," he replied to his Sovereign, "la postérité distinguera 'toujours 'Louis le Gros,' de 'Louis le Grand.'" Boileau would demonstrate, if demonstration were not superfluous, that polite society, no less than learned authors, cannot be too fastidious, about the purity and about the choice of words.

Mr. Sharp says, in his "Dedicatory Introduction," and in a lordly manner, which I may rather admire than imitate; "We are all tired of pseudo-classicism, pseudo-mediævalism, "pseudo-æstheticism;" and this is true: but, as the remaining pieces in his volume are all sentimental and "romantic," they suggest the thought, in spite of their meritorious design, and of their tender "phantasy," that we might easily grow wearied, no less, with pseudo-balladism:

"In vitium ducit culpae fuga, si caret arte."

This possibility makes me hesitate to accept Mr. Sharp's conclusion; when he advises, that our poets "of the youngest generation"; or, as he might now prefer to describe them, "The Children of Tomorrow," should apprentice themselves to "Romance." Now by "Romance," I cannot help fearing, that Mr. Sharp means a choice of subject, and a method of treatment, which would rather inflame, than heal, one of the literary disorders of our "dear nineteenth century:" of which, in its early years, Joubert remarked this; "Faire de son humeur la règle de ses jugements, et de ses fantaisies le mobile de ses actions, est une affreuse habitude du siècle." The violence of the malady has not abated, since the time of Joubert; it has increased, it has become chronic, it is near the crisis; and therefore, I both question the prudence of Mr. Sharp's remedy, and am doubtful about the consequences of its application: I can hardly believe, that "Poems of Phantasy" are, what we want. What we want, really, for our minor poets, is the "root of learning:"

*"Vos exemplaria Graeca,
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ;"*

that sound "root of learning," with its "frute of wisdom," which Ascham favours, in "The Scholemaster;" and, in addition to these, the "severa lectio" and the "stilus atrox," recommended by Petronius and by Horace:

*"Saepe stilum vertas, iterum, quae digna legi sint
Scripturus; neque, te ut miretur turba, labores,
Contentus paucis lectoribus."*

But, we are all tired of "pseudo-classicism;" and, by all means, let "pseudo-classicism" disappear; I will surrender that, to Mr. Sharp. Though, it must be replaced by true classicism; by a sense, of what the great classical tradition is, in Letters: a sense, of its plainness, of its directness, and

of its fine simplicity ; of its enchanting grace, its tact, and its reserve ; of its imperious demand, for what is concrete and precise, for what is definite : a sense, of its continual protest, against whims and extravagancies ; against the blunders, in taste and in style, which the "canaille écrivante," as Voltaire labelled them, are always mistaking for proofs of "originality," for the visitations of "genius : " and, finally, a participation in the magnificent scorn of the great writers, for everything, that is redundant, unscholarly, "gushing."

Unless we are to degenerate into a Silvern Age of Tennysonian lasciviousness in style, which is to disguise poverty of thought, and to conceal the absence of virility and of vigour ; I, too, believe, with Mr. Sharp, that our literature must be purified and braced ; although I cannot persuade myself, that "Romance" and "Phantasy," the means and the expression of Mr. Sharp's "imminent Revival," of his "true awakening" would be serviceable instruments for so grave and arduous a reform. To adopt them, would be, as Mr. Sharp expresses it, "a rare individual aberration ;" or, according to the next metaphor of his "Dedicatory Introduction," they would assuredly "prove to be a flash in the pan." For the particular evils, which now afflict our literature, "Romance" and "Phantasy" would be, even were they suitable, too slight a remedy ; that is, to turn finally, from Mr. Sharp, to "The Art of Poetry," his "Dedicatory Introduction" is an example of the good Horatian simile :

"Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

Not, that romance is in itself ridiculous. The term is confined no longer, I suppose, to that form of bathos, which is usually described as "German sentiment ;" or to unreal notions about Chivalry, about Catholicism, about the Middle Age : in the proper sense of the word, there can be no genuine poetry, without romance ; the true poets, of every Age, are full of romantic things, "sunt lacrimae rerum." But, a just balance, in the sphere of Letters, is not easily preserved ; there is a continual warfare, between modern thoughts and ancient forms, between the imperial prerogatives of Genius, and the inviolable rules of the fine art of composition : to reconcile these conflicting elements ; to express himself, and the eager life of his Age, in a classical, and yet in a new and

in a characteristic, manner ; is the labour, and the reward, of the victorious artist, of the born ruler of words, of the inspired poet. But the style, and the traditions, of every great master, are corrupted, in the progress of time, by unwise disciples ; every great movement passes, through exaggeration, towards decay ; every successive age, in consequence, has its own peculiar task in literature. The function of true criticism is, to reveal the precise needs, of any given Age ; to point, continually, to its excesses, and to its defects ; to suggest the remedy. He, for example, would not have been a discerning critic, who, when Wordsworth and Coleridge were in their prime, should have counselled a more strict observance of the methods of the eighteenth century.

At the close of that strong epoch of order, "regularity, "precision, balance," came Wordsworth, to give expression to its mature thoughts :

"On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life"

and truly and nobly did Wordsworth fulfil his destiny ; because, he delivered his message, with an antique simplicity of utterance, he restored "the freshness of the early world ;" and also because, he understood, that the two principal matters of his teaching should not be dissevered. In his enthusiasm for Nature, he never forgot the higher place, which is due to Man, and to Human Life ; he saw, that in any valuable representation of the universe, all its members should be connected, harmonious, and inseparable : this real harmony between man and the natural world, and not Wordsworth's fidelity in "describing" Nature, was the source of truth in him, the cause of his admirable simplicity, the secret of his greatness. But, while professing to follow Wordsworth, the tendency of an increasing school, among our modern writers, has been, to forget this harmony in their master's teaching ; to neglect this important, this indispensable, connexion between the matters with which he dealt. Man and Human Life have been gradually pushed aside, by these writers ; Nature, as it is called, isolated, and therefore barren and unnatural, has been alone considered ; with the result, that this particular school of literature has forfeited its vital energy. It has lost its hold upon Human Nature, the one source of life and of inspiration ;

and in losing this active and informing spirit of the universe, it has lost the only true connexion between ourselves and Nature ; so far as Nature can be connected with us at all, through art or through literature ; for science alone is concerned with Nature, as a series of isolated appearances. Our treatment of Nature has become nothing, but a collection of descriptive cameos ; we treat it, we describe it, not as a living power, but as a gallery of disconnected appearances. Our " beautiful cameos of description," are only expressions of an artificial sentiment, are only false imitations of a dead, unreal Nature ; that is, our treatment of Nature has become as conventional and as unnatural, only in another way, as the treatment and the handling of Nature, by the eighteenth century. And the writers who manufacture cameos of description, not only violate the conditions of their own art of literature ; but they trespass beyond its limits, and they invade the domains of science and of painting.

In addition to a reform in these matters, this Age of ours has other needs : during many years, it has been all for the assertion of personal feeling, for the unrestrained expression of individual sentiment ; the claims of style have been forgotten ; the old traditions of literature have been too much neglected ; the knowledge, that writing is a fine art, has almost been extinguished. When style is no longer desired or esteemed, anyone can pour forth his " romantic " sentiment ; can relieve himself, like Mr. Sharp, of his " essential poetry : " and therefore an Age, with these tendencies unchecked, would end by having much writing, but no literature ; many writers, but no classics. What we require, now, is not a romantic Wordsworth ; but an austere and rigorous Classic : An writer to create fine models ; to be a terror to our modern Grub Street ; to chastise, and to educate, the " canaille " *écrivante* : to tell the Age, plainly, that our " romance," our fine sentiments and " phantasies," have out-grown our power of expressing them finely ; that our wonderful modern thoughts might be more valuable, if they were not recorded so barbarously : The Age needs an writer, who shall proclaim, that men cannot subsist upon landscapes and vague sentiment ; that an healthy literature cannot be nourished upon cameos of description : an writer, who shall hold firmly to everything that is valuable, in the style, and in the doctrine,

of Wordsworth ; but who shall restore to that doctrine the harmony, which it has lost, by vindicating the assertion of Wordsworth's great predecessor :

"The proper study of mankind, is Man."

What we now require, indeed, is not an wilder license of imagination, on the one hand ; with a decreasing care, for art, for style, for the models and for the fine traditions of the great Ages of literature. And, since many writers, many critics, and a growing number of the Public, have almost forgotten the deep meaning of Joubert's thought, "un discours trop orné n'a pas des mœurs ;" we do not want, upon the other hand, an wilder license of style, a more profuse elaboration of ornament ; with no care at all, for seriousness of aim, or for nobility and for propriety of subject : this is to have a literature without a soul ; a vulgar literature, "externe and vain." Not either of these, should be the remedy of our choice : neither an over-dressed, heartless, and brazen literature ; nor a literature, slip-shod, affected, excitable, should be the object of our desire :

"Auream quisquis mediocritatem

"Diligit : tutus, caret obsoleti

"Sordibus tecti ; caret invidendâ,

"Sobrius, aulâ."

We are more likely to be restored to health, by sobriety : by a self-denying and judicious return, to all, that is applicable and sound, in the restrained and scholarly methods, of Addison, and of Pope.

ARTHUR GALTON.



A FAREWELL.

Fare thee well, Nellie,
Only for just a Day !
Fare thee well, Nellie !
Ah ! but it's hard to say,
Though only for just a Day :
Fare thee well, Nellie !
The Hour calls me away.

Keep a Thought, Nellie,
One warm Thought for me :
Keep a Thought, Nellie,
As my whole Thoughts turn to thee ;
Keep but a Thought for me,
Keep one Thought, Nellie,
There, where the fond Thoughts be !

And, when I'm back, Nellie,
Let the dear rose Lips part
To a Moment's Smile, Nellie :
Cure of this Moment's Smart
To dream how the Lips shall part
In a Smile, when I'm back, Nellie,
Heart to my Darling's Heart !

SELWYN IMAGE.



OME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE
AND PUBLIC WORKS OF JAMES
GIBBS, ARCHITECT.

III. *Deus, auribus nostris audivimus, patresque nostri annuntiaverunt nobis, opus quod operatus es in diebus eorum, et in diebus antiquis.*—AD USUM EBOR.

At the beginning of the year in which he died, Gibbs had drawn up his will, writing it with his own hand, and signing on it the ninth of May. "As he was a batchelor, and had but few relations, and was unknown even to these, he bequeathed the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about 14, or 15,000*l.* Sterling, to those he esteemed his friends." In the opening clause of this will, he makes a last and generous acknowledgment of his indebtedness to his early patron. To the R^t. Hon. the Lord Erskine, "in gratitude for favours received from his father, the late Earl of Marr," he leaves three houses in the parish of Marylebone, the rents being 110*l.* 80*l.* & 90*l.* per annum; likewise 1000*l.* in money, and all his plate. He next bequeathes certain legacies to Robert Pringle of Clifton; William Morehead; and Dr. William King, of St. Mary's Hall in Oxford. To John Borlach, many years his draughtsman, he leaves £400: "to Mr. Cosmo Alexander, painter, my house I live in, with all its furniture as it stands, with pictures, bustoes, &c." Then follow three several bequests of £100 to the Foundling Hospital, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and "towards the enlarging of the parish church of Saint Mary le Bon." And lastly, after appointing "Mr. John Ker, wine-merchant in Greek St. Soho," his residuary legatee, he bequeathes to the Trustees of John Radcliffe, "all my printed books, books of architecture, books of prints and drawings, books of Maps, and a pair of Globes with leather covers, to be placed and remain in the library . . . of which I was architect; . . . the librarian of the Radcliffe Library to receive them, and put them up, in order, in the presses there, and that they may be placed next to my Bustoe."

These books and drawings are now preserved in the Museum at Oxford, having been removed from the Camera, when that building was given over to the uses of the Bodleian Library. The whole forms but a small collection, contained, as Dallaway computed it, before its removal, in about five

hundred volumes. Among these, I find the following books and portfolios of drawings. Three volumes in large folio, similarly bound. The first volume is inscribed: "Original Drawings for the Plates of Mr. Gibb's Book of Designs and Ornament, and for his Book of Rules for Drawing etc., as likewise for the Radcliff Library." Besides these drawings for his published works, there are, also, in this volume, amongst others not so used, the alternative designs for the Radcliffe Library. The second volume contains drawings for "Churches, Houses, Chimney-peece, Ceilings, Monuments, and other things." These, for the most part, are designs for great houses; but, as in the "Book of Architecture," there is seldom any note to show, for whom they were made. Yet, should anyone be so studious of the genius of Gibbs, as to seek out those many works of his, described at the end of the Soane manuscript already alluded to, he would, I think, not only be able to remedy this defect, but, also, might easily come at sufficient materials for a particular account of such works, which have here been passed over, being of a private nature. This same volume also contains a design for the Mansion House, a work executed by the elder Dance; together with a plan, signed on the back, as approved for "the intended church in great George street near Hannover square." St. George's, Hanover Square, was from the designs of John James of Greenwich; and it is remarkable that the following passage should occur in the Soane manuscript, attributing another work, by John James, to our master: "James Duke of Chandos Ordered Mr. Gibbs to rebuild his House and Chapel at Cannons, which was done at a Vast Expence, the Appartments highly finished, The Chapel was reckond the finest in England both as to its design and Ornaments, but upon the death of that Nobleman, both House and Chapel wer demolished and the Materials sold for what they could get for them, to help to pay some debts, and altho the House, Chapel, and other buildings cost a vast sum, yet the Materials did not sell for the tenth part of the money they cost at first, the carriage being so expencive, having no water carriage within ten miles of the place." Had this passage occurred by itself, I should have passed it over, as an error; but taken in conjunction with the plan for St. George's, it would seem to point to some intercourse between Gibbs and John James, of which, further than

this, I can learn nothing. In the third volume are many architectural studies done in Italy, but there is neither note, nor inscription, on them, to show they are by Gibbs. Here are, also, the drawings of St. Nicholas, Aberdeen; and the design of a bridge, for Lord Bolingbroke. Besides these three volumes, the remaining drawings are comprised in the following items. A book containing "Several designs for St. Martins Church." Another containing plans for "Wiston House the seat of Sr. Robert Fagg Barronet." Another containing drawings for "the new Building of Hamstade marishal the seat of the R^t. Honble The Lord Craven 1739." A large folio book of designs: in this volume is an alternative design for the Senate House at Cambridge, together with Hawkesmoor's drawings for the Radcliffe Library. There is, also, a portfolio of drawings done in Rome and Florence; besides several books of prints, and a very interesting volume of drawings by "Jean Heriot," variously dated from 1637 to 1640.

Of the printed books, it is hardly necessary to speak at length. The greater portion of those which relate to architecture, were published at Rome, or Paris, during the latter half of the seventeenth century; and were the works most in esteem, during the time Gibbs was studying abroad. There are, however, several earlier architectural works, such as the treatises of Leonbatista Alberti, Florence, 1550, and Pietro Cataneo, "Aldus in Venegia," 1554; a copy of the Venice, 1601, edition of Palladio, and the first edition of Scamozzi's "L'idea della Architettura Universale." Among the remaining books, not relating to the Arts, are a great many editions of the classical authors, Greek and Latin. It is much to be regretted, that the collection has been moved from the Radcliffe Library, seeing that the intention of Gibbs in bequeathing them to Dr. Radcliffe's Trustees was, obviously, that his designs and drawings might always be kept within the building, which he rightly accounted his secular master-piece. Altogether, this library forms the best portrait of his mind, which we have, apart from his buildings and published works. It may be taken as a type of what the libraries, gathered together by the great architects of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, consisted; in that it is the collection of a man, not narrowly interested in his own particular pursuit, but studious of whatever, in the entire

art of the past, appears to him of fine and human interest, and careful, above all things, of true scholarship.

But to collect, so far as I am able, the scattered fragments of a more intimate nature, relative to him, which may variously exist. Of Gibbs' private life we know very little: he was never married; nor does he seem to have made any remarkable friendship. Some slight relics of his acquaintance with Matthew Prior, I have already given; and these are the most considerable memorials of this nature, which remain. Hogarth painted his portrait; and Richard Savage extolled him in "The Wanderer." Among his clients, the name of Lord Bolingbroke has already occurred; and the writer of the Soane manuscript records, that "He made additions to Mr. Popes Villa at Twickenham." Gibbs was among the first, in this country, to recognise the genius of Rysbrack, the sculptor. Walpole, who is ever ready to speak in disparagement of our master, says, that Gibbs "was sensible of the young man's merit, but turned it to his own account, contracting for the figures with the persons who bespoke the tombs, and gaining the chief benefit from the execution." Be this as it may, it is, however, more certain that "for directing and supervising y^e building of y^e Radcliffe Library & drawing all plans that shall be necessary for compleating that work & corresponding with y^e builders, and going down four times in every year to see y^e building," he was content to receive no greater sum than one hundred pounds a year. Here, at least, Gibbs cannot be reproached with preferring gain before his art. More than this, we have only that character of him, by the writer in the "Scots Magazine": "His religious principles were the same with those of his father; but he was justly esteemed by good men of all persuasions, being courteous in his behaviour, moderate with regard to those who differed from him, humane & charitable."

Of Gibbs' personal appearance, we possess a more satisfactory record, in the many contemporary portraits and busts of him, which remain. The painting by Hogarth, besides being engraved by B. Baron, for the "Bibliotheca Radcliviana," was scraped by M^cArdell, in an oval, with an engraved border. There is, also, another mezzotint of him, by M^cArdell, after a painting by J. Williams, which now hangs on the stairs of the Bodleian Library, at Oxford. All these three

prints are inscribed : " Jacobus Gibbs, Architectus, A.M. & F.R.S." In addition to these, there is a portrait in mezzotint of him, as a younger man, by P. Pelham after H. Huyssing. The original of this print was probably painted at the time Gibbs was engaged upon the church of St. Mary le Strand, as he is represented holding, what would seem to be the plan of that building. Walpole mentions a fifth print from a picture by " Schryder, a Swiss, who was afterwards painter to the king of Sweden." Of this plate I have been unable to see any impression ; nor have I been more fortunate with regard to the portrait, which Malcolm saw " in the waiting-room " of St. Martin's in the Fields. There is, also, in private possession, a miniature in enamel, by C. F. Zincke, said to be of Gibbs. Of the two busts of him by Rysbrack, one is still at the west end of St. Martin's in the Fields, with the motto, " Nisi Dominus," cut on the pedestal ; the other was " over the door of one of the galleries in the Ratcliffe library." A third bust, by what sculptor I cannot say, is on the staircase of the same building. This, before all other representations of him, gives the impression of a head possessed of a certain imaginative power, due, in a great measure, to the form of the brow and nostrils ; which last are a little clenched, a peculiarity before observed, in one greater than Gibbs, as lending to a face an expression of unusual intellectual energy. The print after Huyssing and the miniature by Zincke have greater dignity, both of bearing, and of feature ; yet, if we would see him, as he was in the life, we must turn, I think, to the heads by Rysbrack and Hogarth, in which not only the ability of their authors, but the near resemblance of the one to the other, argue their veracity. The eyes somewhat prominent, the nose not large, nor, indeed the rest of the features, the fashion of the head compact and solid ; he remains to us a man of ability, thoughtful, controled, rather than of any great passions, or considerable power of imagination.

His was not the sureness of the supreme masters, either in the science, or the art, of building. The present condition of the church of St. Mary le Strand, consequent upon the use of iron in the clamps and dowels of the stonework, has already been touched upon ; nor is this the only instance of incomplete construction, among his chief works. Before

the year 1737, a settlement of the spire of St. Martin's in the Fields, had taken place, with such effect upon the ceiling of the portico, "that the stucco cracked, and the whole seemed to threaten an immediate fall." Again, the steeple of the same church, being so placed, as to convey the impression of its rising directly from the roof of the building, is a principal error against fitness, and a lapse of the finer instinct for a truly harmonious relation of the parts, one to another. Nor does this unsureness occur only in matters requiring skill or judgment. Certainly his imagination was not of an equable force and current. Two, only, of his works described in these papers, the earliest and most beautiful of his designs, St. Mary le Strand, and the later and more severe building of the Radcliffe Library, can be said to show invention of the finest and rarest kind. Both these buildings possess certain original traits, hardly to be found in other designs by him, though of equal repute: while, on the other hand, not a few of his draughts for private houses might almost admit the reproach, that he was "regularly heavy." Yet these, in every instance, are but deficiencies in degree: entirely, he never fails. His designs always attain a certain level of excellence; they are invariably interesting. He never lapsed into absurdity, as did so many of his contemporaries; he was never led into vagaries, such as Nicholas Hawkesmoor's steeples of St. John's, Horsleydown, or St. George's, Bloomsbury, under the impression that such things were imaginative works, vieing with a campanile like that of St. Magnus; nor did he, at any time, attempt the Gothic. In this sense, he was sure. But if, to understand precisely such a trait in him, we endeavour to consider him in a more intimate aspect, how little it is we find, that we know of him. He was courteous, we are told; courteous, humane, and charitable. What desirable and necessary qualities to possess; what impossible ones to discuss! In addition to this, we know only, that "his religious principles were the same with those of his father"; and that he was moderate with regard to those who differed from him: of the Catholic Church, he was, also, of a catholic spirit. And so, as we ponder him, he himself passes from our scrutiny, and we are brought face to face with the idea, which dominated, not only his life, but his whole art. It is the idea, of which

Rome is the outward and living symbol ; the idea, which, in the figure it would choose for the ore of human life, while hearing and endeavouring to admit all requests and opinions, prefers that which has the greater sanction. To Gibbs, then, the study of the classic art and mode of building, as he conceived it, was not the study of a particular style, but of the whole body of liberal architecture, painfully built up by no individual effort, but by a national endeavour ; and become through the genius of successive ages, perfected, authentic, irrefutable. He did not propose to himself, as would an architect of to-day, to build in the Vitruvian, or Palladian manner ; but he sought to understand, and accomodate to the temper and necessities of his own age, those eternal and essential principles and practices of his art, which, immediately from the divine hands, were transmitted to him by the Greeks, enlarged by the resources of Rome, and confirmed by the Italian genius. All other modes, not strictly conforming to this, well-nigh hierarchical, tradition, wanted in something of culture or civility, and were to him barbaric. It was a light, almost inconsiderable, matter for him to impress the figure of his own mind upon the Art of that time ; but if, at all, he might reverence and keep alive this august tradition, he was surely of the number of the few that are chosen.

In what, then, precisely does this effort to reverence, and keep alive, tradition, consist ? Surely something more is implied in it, than the mere regard for what of practice, or knowledge, has been handed down to us, from our fathers. Chiefly, I believe, it is a critical effort ; an effort to distinguish between what is still living, and what lived only in a former age. With this criticism accomplished, it would, then, have us seize upon such portions of the past, and so refine upon them, and accomodate them to our own needs, as that they should appear to us a new creation. And, herein, is an abiding condition of all great Art, that it should not only surprise us, and appear new to us, but, also, convey to us a certain sense of familiarity, or, at least, be in perfect congruity with all our existing ideas. That we should be able to receive fresh thoughts, and emotions, in Art, easily and without effort, is a principal condition of their being permanently acceptable ; and to no man is it given to effect

this, who has not endeavoured to keep alive, within himself, the great tradition. Thus, every new work of Art must, at once, contain these contrary elements of what is familiar, and what is strange and unusual; of the old conjoint with the new.

"Nisi Dominus," that was his motto: "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it." As in his life, so in his art, it was the old commandment, which ruled and transfigured him. Without this reverence for tradition, there might have been little in him, but some fantastic trait, to attract our thoughts towards him, in this later age. As it is, how much instruction might we find in his work; if we would seek it: we, who are so clever, so facile; so ingenious to make one art do duty for another; or anything do duty for art! But in the work of Gibbs, as in all the work of the old masters there is nothing clever, nothing facile; whatever we value in them, is the fruit of their painful labours. And the circumference they set about their art, how just and true it is! How clear and profound their distinctions, between one Art and another; and between Art and science; science, the right knowledge of nature! We recoil at the thought of a self-made man, a man without tradition; but we are ever ready to accept, at all times, and in all places, Art that is self-made, without tradition. The old vessel, we say, will not hold the new wine of this nineteenth century: but let us look to it, lest it be recorded of us, as it stands recorded of a former time, and other than we would wish: In diebus illis non erat Rex in Israel, sed unusquisque quod sibi rectum videbatur, hoc faciebat. *Concluded.*

HERBERT P. HORNE.





WO VOLUMES OF ESSAYS BY MARK PATTISON. It is often said, of Mark Pattison, that he was too timid, too scrupulous, in his literary work ; that he stinted himself, and frightened young authors, by his austere requirements, and by his rigid scrupulosity: this is the orthodox thing to say, whenever Mark

Pattison is noticed ; but, perhaps, no writer can be too severe, towards himself ; or severe enough, towards an aspiring writer : at any rate, an almost exhaustive knowledge of the facts under discussion ; the power to deal with them ; and the will, usually, to deal with them accurately ; clearness and precision, of thought ; and breadth of view ; are not so common among us, that we can afford to blame the work of Mark Pattison, for possessing these fine qualities. These qualities are shown, in Mark Pattison's theological essays, and in his essays upon the scholars of the sixteenth and of the seventeenth centuries ; breadth of view, and minute knowledge of the facts, are the characteristics of these writings : their style, too, is as excellent as their matter ; it has a grave dignity, which is as far removed from the slovenly, or from the flippant, manner, of the ordinary review, as Mark Pattison's knowledge is, from the omniscient ignorance of the ordinary reviewer.

But the author's nice reputation, for accuracy and for correctness, makes it the more necessary to draw attention to his inaccuracies ; and to the slovenliness, of himself, or of his Editor. In the history of the sixteenth and of the seventeenth centuries, especially in the theological, and in the scholarly, aspects of these periods, Mark Pattison's knowledge is minute and wide ; though, when he leaves these periods for more general history, or even when he leaves his particular line in these periods, he makes curious blunders. For instance, he declares, that, in 1650, "the consolidation of the great monarchies had not taken place ;" that "the national literatures were indeed born, but they "were yet in their infancy." Of the great monarchies: Spain was far gone in its decadence ; the government of France had been centralized by Richelieu, and the administration was ready for the coming of Louis XIV., with his

assertion *L'état c'est moi*; Austria was more powerful, or at any rate more extended, than it is at present; England already had large possessions in America, she had broken the naval power of Spain and checked its colonial supremacy, she was fighting the Dutch, and she was upon the eve of her great struggle with Louis XIV.; Italy was unfortunately, and Prussia was fortunately, overshadowed by one or other branch of the House of Austria; of Russia alone, is Mark Pattison's assertion true. With regard to the national literatures: the great Italians were dead and gone, many years before 1650; Italian literature was a thing of the past: Spain, too, had seen its greatest writers: English literature was not in its infancy, in the middle of the seventeenth century: Rabelais, Montaigne, and Ronsard, had long been dead; the French Academy had been founded; French prose was being written by Pascal; and French verse, by the elder Corneille. The statement is accurate of Germany alone: "a country," says Mark Pattison, "which has learning, without a literature."

In addition to historical errors, there are shameful faults, which no scholar would venture to commit, in an Age when taste was really sound: there are vicious, ugly expressions; "epochal book," "penetrative propagand," "youthhood," for example: we have the title "The Stevenses," given to an essay upon the members of the Family of Estienne, the Printers: we have the phrase "Richard I, after his return, hastening home;" which, of course, should be "Richard I., after his release": there are sentences, which are so badly stopped, that their meaning is obscure, and their appearance disgraceful; for instance, "Simple fighting John Bull can understand, but in a negotiation he can't see his way"; here, the unscholarly punctuation turns "fighting" into an adjective, agreeing with "John Bull"; whereas the author's real meaning is, probably, "Simple fighting, John Bull can understand; but, in a negotiation, he can't see his way:" there is another slovenly habit, which the Clarendon Press should not encourage; it is to print "Louis XIV" instead of "Louis XIV.," and so on; in one place the effect is ludicrous, poor Dr. Arnold is made to say, "I have seemed to gain a far more lively impression of what James I really was, ever since I read"; no doubt Dr.

Arnold himself printed "James I.", in the correct manner.

About errors of this kind, there cannot be two opinions : about matters of literary taste, a wise man disputeth not ; but, even in matters of taste, there must be a final standard of truth. It cannot be true to say, "We read a Grote or a Michelet with the same intellectual gratification" ; or to assert of Pope, that "in a prose sentence he is rarely "successful."

But the solid worth, of these essays, is not affected by the blemishes, to which I have drawn attention. I have drawn attention to them, because the guilt of a Mark Pattison, in these matters, of an Oxford Professor, who edits him, and of the University Press, which publishes him, is an eloquent and a melancholy witness to the low standard of our average writings ; and to the low taste of the public, which tolerates, in a classical writer, elementary faults, that would be disgraceful in a school boy. On the whole, the Essays are scholarly and good, in no ordinary degree ; and they abound with fine things, said finely.



FAZIO'S MISTRESS. Since the publication, in the last number of our magazine, of a photogravure of this water-colour drawing by D. G. Rossetti, Mr. G. P. Boyce, the owner of the drawing, has kindly sent me the following particulars relating to it. The name, it seems, which Rossetti gave to the drawing, was not "Fazio's Mistress," but "Bonifazio's Mistress" ; which name, he not only wrote on the back of the drawing, but, also, on the frame. "It was painted for me, by Rossetti," Mr. Boyce adds, "In November, 1860 ; and delivered to me, by him, at the beginning of the following month. In a letter which I received from him, on the second of November, 1860, there is this reference to the drawing : 'I daresay it will be well advanced to show you when you come to town. It is a subject from an old story of mine—a woman dying while her lover is painting her portrait.'" The drawing measures $12\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $11\frac{1}{4}$ in. ; and was exhibited at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1883, bearing the number 351, in the catalogue.

THE EDITOR.

CONTEMPORARY NOTES.

The Fate of S. Mary-le-Strand is not yet decided: but there seems to be some reasonable Hope, that its Destruction may have been prevented. It is worth while to record in this Number of the Hobby-Horse the Efforts, which have been made to preserve this beautiful Building, by some, to whom it does not seem Everything to get, at any Cost, from one End of London to the other, in a straight Line.

On Wednesday, May the 15th, two Deputations on the Matter were received by the Improvements Committee of the London County Council; the one, representing the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings; the other, representing a Number of Artists and Literary Men, who had signed their Names to a Letter, protesting against the Demolition of S. Mary's; a Copy of which was sent to all the leading Papers, and which appeared in some of them. The Letter ran as follows:—

SIR,—The Controversy, which has for some Time raged around the Church of S. Mary-le-Strand, has now reached a very serious Crisis. Efforts have been made to raise the Funds necessary to put the Building in proper Repair, and at the present Time one half of the Amount required has been subscribed or promised; yet a determined Attempt, backed by the support of one of the most influential of the Daily Papers, has been commenced to sweep it, and after it S. Clement Danes, clean away. Those, who are vigorously forcing on this Action, justify it on two Grounds: first, that S. Mary's is an Obstacle to Traffic; secondly, that it is a bad Piece of Art. At the same Time they are ready to confess, that were it a good Piece of Art, they would be quite prepared to let it stand in spite of its practical Obstructiveness.

Now it is hard to believe, that the Advocates of this Measure have been at the Pains to come at a true artistic Judgment. We, the Signatories to this Letter, hold S. Mary's to be a most interesting and beautiful Specimen of a particular and fine Kind of Architecture; and in this Opinion we are confident, that we should have the Concurrence of the vast Majority of those who are best able to give a sound artistic Opinion on the Question. We therefore beg to make this public Protest against the proposed Demolition of the Church; considering that the Loss of it would be the Loss of one of the most beautiful Buildings in London; from which we trust, that the finer Sense of the Community will save us.

We remain, Sir, faithfully yours,

GEORGE AITCHISON, A.R.A.

L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

JOHN F. BENTLEY.

G. F. BODLEY, A.R.A.

JAMES BROOKS.

FORD MADDOX BROWN.

ROBERT BROWNING.

E. BURNE-JONES, A.R.A.

WALTER CRANE.
AUSTIN DOBSON.
T. GARNER.
ALFRED GILBERT, A.R.A.
HERBERT P. HORNE.
S. IMAGE.
T. G. JACKSON.
FRED. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.
JOHN MORLEY, M.P.
WILLIAM MORRIS.
C. KEGAN PAUL.
JOHN L. PEARSON, R.A.

EDWARD J. POYNTER, R.A.
W. B. RICHMOND, A.R.A.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.
JOHN D. SEDDING.
ARTHUR EDMUND STREET.
R. NORMAN SHAW, R.A.
FREDERIC SHIELDS.
HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.
HERMANN VEZIN.
ALFRED WATERHOUSE, R.A.
G. F. WATTS, R.A.
PHILIP WEBB.

At the same Time a Resolution, to the same effect, was handed in to the Improvements Committee, which had been passed at the Ordinary Meeting of the Art-Workers' Guild, held at Barnard's Inn Hall, on Friday, the 3rd of May, 1889. Proposed by T. G. Jackson, M. A.

Some Notice appeared of these Deputations in most of the Papers; and in the Standard and Globe a short Correspondence followed. In Church Bells for May the 24th, and in the Church Reformer for June, appeared Articles, dealing at some Length with the Arguments advanced by those, who urged the Destruction, or the Removal, of S. Mary's, as being essential to any practical Scheme of widening the Strand Thoroughfare.

We would notice, as a little expression of our regard for Mr. Whitman's genius, that on the 31st May last, at Camden, New Jersey, a banquet was given to celebrate the poet's seventieth birthday. There were present many distinguished American men of letters: and Mr. H. H. Gilchrist the English painter, replied for "Friends across the Sea." Than Mr. Whitman's own speech on the occasion, nothing could be more characteristic; or a more delightful commentary on speech-making generally. He said: "My friends, though announced to give an address, there is no such intention. Following the impulse of the spirit, for I am at least half a Quaker stock, I have obeyed the command to come and look at you for a minute, and show myself, face to face, which is probably the best I can do. But I have felt no command to make a speech, and shall not, therefore, attempt any. All I have felt the imperative conviction to say, I have already printed in my books of poems or prose, to which I refer any who may be curious. And so, hail and farewell. Deeply acknowledging this deep compliment, with my best respects and love to you personally, to Camden, to New Jersey, and to all represented here: you must excuse me from any word further."

THE CENTURY GUILD.

IN accordance with the lines, which have been for some time past indicated in this magazine, Messrs. Mackmurdo and Horne, architects, and the artists associated with them, are now prepared not only to design and superintend the erection of ecclesiastical and domestic buildings, but, also, to undertake decorating and furnishing of all kinds.

With this end in view, they have opened workshops for the production of furniture and metal-work; and their designs already executed include carpets, cretonnes, stamped and printed velvets, together with silk and woollen textiles, wall-papers, stained-glass and decorative painting.

While recognizing the cost, which, of necessity, accompanies decoration in its more sumptuous and elaborate forms, Messrs. Mackmurdo and Horne are prepared to decorate and furnish houses in a simple, yet effective manner, which, while endeavouring to fulfil the more exacting canons of taste, will not be beyond the means of those, to whom expense is a matter of material concern.

THE ARCHITECTS :

Messrs. MACKMURDO & HORNE, 28, Southampton St., Strand, W.C.

From whom all further particulars may be obtained.

IN drawing attention to our own work, we have added, with their permission, the names of those workers in art whose aim seems to us most nearly to accord with the chief aim of this magazine. Our list at present is necessarily limited, but with time and care we hope to remedy this defect.

EMBROIDERY :

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK, Exhibition Road, South Kensington, W.

MISS MAY MORRIS gives private lessons in embroidery, particulars on application, Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.

ENGRAVED BOOKS AND FACSIMILES OF THE WORKS OF WM. BLAKE :

Mr. MUIR, The Blake Press, Edmonton.

To be had of Mr. QUARITCH, 15, Piccadilly, W.

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RHODA and AGNES GARRETT, 2, Gower St., W.C.

MR. J. ALDAM HEATON, 27, Charlotte St., Bedford Sq., W.C.

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PAINTED GLASS :

Messrs. MORRIS & COMPANY, 449, Oxford St., W.

DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING UPON WOOD :

Mr. W. H. HOOPER, 5, Hammersmith Terrace, W.

DESIGNING IN SILHOUETTE FOR DECORATIONS OF ALL KINDS, IN PAPER, METAL,
LEATHER, ETC. :

Mr. J. SMETHAM ALLEN, "Norwood," Hermitage Rd., Finsbury Park, N.

FLINT GLASS, CUT AND BLOWN, ALSO PAINTED GLASS :

Messrs. J. POWELL & SONS, Whitefriars Glass Works, Temple St., E.C.

PAINTED GLASS, AND PAINTING APPLIED TO ARCHITECTURE AND FURNITURE :

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Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN, 45, Great Marlborough St., Regent St., W.

PICTURE FRAMES DESIGNED BY THE GUILD :

Mr. MURCOTT, Framemaker, 6, Endell St., Long Acre, W.C.

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